Def. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the inſtant, I will be return'd, forthwith diſpatch your Attendant there,—looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He ſaies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to diſmiſſe you.

Em. Diſmiſſe me?

Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
VVe muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Em. VVould you had neuer ſeene him.

Def. So would not I, my loue doth ſo approue him,
That euen his ſtubbornneſſe, his checks and frownes,
(Prethee vnpin me) haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied thoſe ſheets you bad me on the bed.

De. All's one, good father; how fooliſh are our minds;
If I doe die before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Def. My mother had a maid cal'd *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he ſhe lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forſake her, ſhe had a ſong of willow,
An old thing t'was, but it expreſt her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it, that ſong to night
VVill not goe from my mind:
I haue much to doe;
But to goe hang my head all at one ſide, and ſing it like poore *Barbary*; prethee diſpatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Def. No, vnpin me heere.
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Em. A very hand ſome man.

Def. He ſpeakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would haue walk'd barefooted to *Paleſtine*, for a touch of his neither lip.

Def-

Deſdemona *ſings.*

The poore ſoule ſate ſighing by a ſi
ſing all a green willow,
Her hand on her boſome, her head
ſing willow, willow, willow;
The freſh ſtreames ran by her, and
ſing willow, willow, willow,
Her ſalt teares fell from her, whic
ſing willow. &c. (Lay by t
willow, willow.
(Prethee hie thee, he'le come anon.)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my

Let nobody blame him, his ſcorne
(Nay, that's not next: harke, who's t
Em. T'is the winde.
Def. *I call'd my loue falſe, but what*
ſing willow, willow, willow,
If I court mo women, youle couch
So, get thee gon, good night, mine eye
Does that boade weeping?

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I haue heard it ſaide ſo: O th
Doſt thou in conſcience thinke (tell
That there be women doe abuſe their
In ſuch groſſe kindes?

Em. There be ſome ſuch, no queſt

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a thin

Em. Why, would not you?

Def. No by this heauenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heaue
I might as well doe it in the darke.

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a dee

Em. The world is a huge thing, it
For a ſmall vice.

Def. In troth I thinke thou would

Em. In troth I thinke I ſhould,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.